

Railroad Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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I LOVE BUT THREE.

Though other eyes may charm awhile,
Though other lips may speak,
In language that might well beguile
The heart or tinge the cheek;
Though other hearts may be as light
As thine, yet still to me
No other smile can be so bright—
I love, I love but thee.

Though other cheeks may shame as well
The rose's blushing hue—
Though other golden tresses tell
Of youth and beauty too—
Though other forms may be as fair
As thine, dear girl, to me,
Yet still with none my heart can share
The love I give to thee.

Yes, thine alone—oh! 'twere bliss
With thee to spend my days;
Without thee, 'twere a wilderness
Obscured by darkness rays;
But still within my aching heart
One sunny spot would be—
A gem from which I could not part,
The love I give to thee.

Then oh! together let us rove
The woods, the fields, the bowers,
And in some sweet and shady grove,
Restored with widest flowers,
There let us range in Nature's home,
With heaven's blue vault above,
And tell sweet tales of joys to come,
And feast on fondling love.

THE PRINCE'S LOOK.

CONTINUED.

A PRINCE'S LOOK AGAIN.

Leinau had quickened London for Copenhagen the same day he sent the note to the count. He proceeded to St. Petersburg through Stockholm. At Petersburg he had the good fortune to be presented at Court. Catherine the great, then Empress, honored him with her notice; Leinau himself could not divine how this distinction befell him. "Heaven bless you!" said the friend who had presented him, the empress is a woman, and you are a handsome young man. You wish to enter the Russian service. I would doubt your wish will be realized. Even in the most excellent princes, human nature will take the lead, with their being aware of it. Many deserving officers are passed by, but nature favors the handsome young Baron Leinau.

"You think, then, that the empress will give me the command of a company?"
"Certainly, Baron, I wager you will receive more than you expect. I saw the look she cast upon you as you retired. Count Rasumowski saw that look, and the Princess Daskolow, and Potemkin himself. Every one spoke of you with rapture. Potemkin begged me to introduce him to you, and he said much in your praise. I know, besides, that the empress mentioned your name to the Prince. So don't be anxious. Your fortune is made."

In a few days the Baron was summoned to the Prince Potemkin, and was agreeably surprised with the commission of a lieutenant-colonelcy in one of the newly raised regiments of cavalry. The young officer in his new uniform, obtained the honor of kissing the hand of his imperial patroness. Potemkin then hurried him off to his regiment with the greatest haste. He followed the standard of Romanow against Oczakow. He was present at the storming of the place, and was disgusted with the cruelty of the Russians to such a degree, that he had almost a mind to throw up his commission. But nothing came of his disgust, for the empress rewarded him for his military bravery at Oczakow with a colonelcy. "Truly," wrote the next Colonel to his friend in Petersburg, "my promotion must be the result of a sunny prince's look, for I had little opportunity of evincing much bravery at Oczakow. I merely stood as an idle spectator, before the fortress, with my regiment. I was to lead my men on only in case it became necessary. I thank heaven it was not."

Col. Leinau received command of a regiment in Finland against the Swedes. Here he remained a year, in peace was established. He had had, all this time, abundant opportunities of gaining experience of every kind, and sometimes to call to mind the so-called Count Streitenberg whom he had assisted in London. The count had made no use of the address of Leinau's steward. That the note which Leinau had sent to the count, on the morning of his departure from London, had reached its destination, there was no doubt. The loss of the three or four hundred louis, or did not grieve the baron so much as the thought that it was lost through one whose countenance had lied, one so devoid of sensibility, so worthless, that the most generous confidence could not hold him to his honor. Still, in his inmost heart, he could not wish any evil to the count, he still thought of some excuse for him; and at last the excuse became almost a recommendation. The count might have become impoverished, or perhaps he was dead. The baron was rich enough without the money, and would willingly have given as much more, could he have learned the fate of his debtor.

Immediately after his promotion, Leinau had conceived the idea of giving up his fatherland altogether, and settling in Russia, as soon as he could find a purchaser for his estate. He had no particular wish to return to Germany. "Who knows," thought he, "but that the old patriarch will send me away again to make pens?" With this thought he gave his steward full power to sell his paternal estates. The steward obeyed, and sold everything but a small house, in which this faithful old servant resided, and which was to be his during his lifetime.

By accident, the colonel made the acquaintance of a Polish officer, who, in need of money, offered him fine large estates in Poland at such a reasonable rate, that, after obtaining a furlough, Leinau went to see them, and, convinced of their value, concluded the transaction by buying them. He now considered himself one of the richest nobles in Poland. Every one congratulated him. He determined to enjoy a life of philosophical repose at his Polish Tusculanum, resigned his place in the Russian service, bought whole libraries of agricultural manuals, together with all sorts of implements for cultivating the soil, gathered round him a colony of German mechanics and laborers, gave himself wholly up to his Polish estate, and while he made his preparations for beautifying the place, began to think occasionally of a wife. It was high time, for he was on the edge of thirty.

Hitherto fortune had smiled. Suddenly unlucky days came upon him. The Poles waged war against the imperial diet of his fatherland. The baron sought to avoid all interference, but, when asked for his opinion by warlike persons in his neighborhood, he deemed it only honorable to give them this advice: "Con-

tent yourselves with your own country, and be on your guard against foreign influence. You are lost, if, through party spirit, you divide and lend yourselves to Russia or Prussia."

Gradually, before he was aware of it, the baron was considered an adherent of Kosciuszko and an enemy to the Russian party. He declined not, still he was watched. His name appeared with many others, upon the proscription list which was sent to Petersburg. It brought him little honor. The Russians advanced against the Poles with a superior force and were victorious at Ukraine and Dubinka. The Polish troops marched through the baron's grounds, and he was obliged to join them. The Russians advanced still further, laid waste Leinau's estate, and burnt down his castle. Siwarow and Igelsom, after the massacre of the inhabitant of Prague, were not the men to defend the possessions of a Russian officer who had joined the enemy. He lost all, and was glad, like many of the natives of Poland, to flee for his life into Germany.

The baron could still talk of being happy, when he reached Dresden, and recollected that there was still an old mansion where he might live with his faithful old steward. The loss of his possessions did not much disturb him, for he had been accustomed to have very few wants. He still thought himself rich enough. The old steward wept real tears of joy when he again saw his master so unexpectedly. Leinau had informed him of his arrival in a letter from Dresden, but enjoined it upon him to disclose his return to no one, as he wished to remain incognito, long as he could, undisturbed by curiosity. It was partly pride or shame that prompted this wish. Although he despised the verdict of the multitude, yet he would fain avoid it in his own case. He knew the world! a thing so named, that awards ruin to one and glory to another.

But there was no occasion for any anxiety on the colonel's part. It would have required no ordinary exertions to discover him. The steward's house was situated in the extreme northern part of the kingdom, far from the public road. Travelers never passed that way, scarcely a pedlar or preacher. At first, the retirement pleased the baron, but after a little while it grew tedious. He had brought books with him, which served to kill time for a while, but at last he came to feel himself a prisoner and exile, of all feelings the worst. None of his old friends were in the neighborhood. In fact, there was no one, except an old clergyman, who had once been his tutor, for whom he particularly cared, and who now resided at the other end of the kingdom. Leinau determined to seek him out. Filling his pockets with such things as were necessary, he set out, on a fine summer day, in a plain hunter's dress, with his gun over his shoulder. He cast about for a way to reach the home of his old friend. The first night he lodged at the inn of an insignificant town, where he met, however, with a very significant adventure. When about to sit down to supper, he had taken no dinner for economy's sake, the landlady informed him, that if he were so disposed, he might sup at the same table with a young lady who had arrived at her father's house, and he had said much in your praise. I know, besides, that the empress mentioned your name to the Prince. So don't be anxious. Your fortune is made."

He respectfully saluted her returned by a silent inclination and a delicate blush. The baron made it his agreeable office to offer the best of everything on the table to his lovely companion, which gave opportunity first for single exclamations, then for single words, then for questions and answers, and at last the conversation flowed as freely as it between persons with perfectly clear consciences, although now and then looks were exchanged as if their consciences were not quite clear.

It was no common apparition to the people of the inn—this pair. Landlord and landlady, boy and maid, and even some of the inhabitants of the little town, stood grouped in the back ground, gazing at the guests. "They are betrothed," said one. "They are brother and sister," said another. The women had never seen so handsome a man as the baron, and the men had never seen so beautiful a maiden as the young lady. It was worth a deal of trouble to get a sight of such a pair. The lady spoke of the capital. The baron asked questions not a few. He cared less for the capital than for the answers he received, so musically articulated, so pointed with good sense. He would have asked questions all night long, had not the lady risen to go and inquire after her father's health.

The baron dreamed thoughtfully with his fork upon the table, and would have sat dreaming there all night long, had not the landlady plucked him, and said in a low voice, "He rose to retire, and as he passed by the chair which he occupied, he saw her glove lying on the floor. He snatched up the treasure by means of which a conversation might be renewed in the morning."

He forgot how tired he had been, by his long journey, or he would not have wondered, the next morning, to see the sun streaming in at the window, while he was still in bed. He sprang up. His table companion, the glove, and the expected morning greeting, were his first thoughts. He was almost as great an ecstasy as if heaven itself were in near prospect. He dressed himself with the greatest care; every speck was brushed from his hunting-dress with the neatness of a soldier, furnished with garriçon service. Now and then a sigh escaped him, as he thought of the glove, of his uniform, and his Polish possessions.

His boots yet remained to put on. He heard the sweet voice of the lady at the street door. He had sometime before heard a traveling coach drive up. What a crowd of thoughts thronged upon him! He threw open the window. Alas! there he saw the lovely creature with one neat little foot just upon the steps of the carriage, while the fat landlord, with a bundle of shawls under his arm, stood by to help her. As she entered the vehicle, she looked up towards the window, and her sparkling eyes threw a modest greeting and farewell to Leinau, and with this she disappeared. The landlord shut the coach-door. It sounded to the poor baron like closing the grave where the coffin of all his joys lay. The carriage rolled off.

When he was wholly out of sight and hearing the colonel proceeded to draw on his boots,

and—one must occupy one's self with trifles sometimes—pour out all the Russian oaths he had ever heard in Moldavia, Wallachia, or Finland. He kicked his hunting bag away so violently, that it flew like a bomb towards the door, but at a most unlucky moment, just as the fat host was coming in with all due dignity, and thinking no harm, bringing coffee, &c. A pleasant "Good morning" was on his lips. The bag fell first upon the head of the terrified landlord, and then upon the silver, right into coffee and milk, so that all tumbled, landlord and all, to the floor. Down went mine host upon the broken crockery, with the scalding beverage dashed all over his face.

"Oh!" groaned the landlord in his pain. "Oh!" cried the colonel. "Awkward fellow! The devil take you! What are you greasing my hunting bag for?"

The poor man, in his bewilderment, was almost led to believe that he had taken a false step, and so occasioned the accident. He gathered up the fragments and departed, begging pardon.

The accident was most fortunate for the colonel. His anger all fled; his swearing turned into laughing. He packed his bag—when he took up the glove, he snatched his shawl, and sighed. Yet the treasure his fair companion had left him, he would preserve, at least as a memento of the evening.

He took his breakfast in the public room, with the hope of catching the names of the departed strangers. He inquired in vain. No one knew them. Disheartened, he paid his bill, not forgetting the fright of the landlord and his cup, and proceeded over the mountains.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEFECTS OF CALF-SKIN LEATHER.

We have heard of persons purchasing several pairs of boots at once, in order to lay some of them away for long keeping, under the impression that leather when kept in a dry situation improved in quality by age, like oil-cloth. Upon inquiry we find that such notions are very generally entertained, but why this should be so we cannot imagine, for they are the very reverse of all facts and experience in the case; and we call attention to this question for the first time, we believe, as a word of warning. Calf-skin leather, instead of improving in quality with age, when made into boots, deteriorates rapidly. It is subject to a species of dry rot—greyness, and in the course of three years it becomes as tender as a piece of brown paper. Dealers in boots and shoes experience a considerable loss from this cause when such articles are left on their hands for more than two years. This dry-rot in calf-skin boots first appears at the edge near the soles, in the form of a black glossy sweat, resembling varnish, and from thence it gradually proceeds until the whole leather becomes rotten. The application of grease rather accelerates than arrests the progress of this decay; such leather endures much longer when worn on the feet than when laid aside in a dry situation, but whether this decay is caused by the grease used by the curriers, or is some peculiarity in the skin, is not known at present. Cow-skin and kip leather do not seem to be subject to this rapid deterioration, but all kinds of calf-skin, even the very best French, is just as subject to it as the poorest qualities. This is a subject deserving of practical scientific investigation in order to discover some remedy for the evil. At present the practical application of this information by purchasers of calf-skin boots and shoes is an easy matter—be careful not to buy aged articles. *Scientific American.*

As EXTINGUISHER.—Dr. X. attended a masquerade ball. In the motley and happy throng he falls in with a fair pilgrim in black silk, whose charming person, snow-white neck, and bewitchingly coquettish airs awaken in his soul the most rapturous love. She casts upon him looks of the most languishing tenderness, he revels in the hope of having made a blissful conquest. He musters up his courage, and ventures to address her—

"Who art thou, lovely mask?" asks the doctor almost melted in the glow of love.

"Is it possible you don't know me, doctor?" "Upon my honor, I do not know thee."

"Believe me, I am the doctor."

"Ah! then art surely the gracious fairy who has appeared to me to-day for the fourth time, to open to me the gates of bliss."

"You mistake, doctor; I am no fairy."

"Ah! who art thou, then?"

"I am the well-known lady to whom you have now these nine weeks been indebted in the sum of two dollars and seven shillings for washing and ironing."

The doctor stood like a petrified hering.

PINE FORESTS OF THE SOUTH.—The Baltimore Exchange says:—"Those persons who have been accustomed to regard the pine forests of the South as of little commercial importance, will be surprised to learn that the annual value of the hewn timber, the sawed plank, boards, scantling, resin, turpentine, and pitch, is estimated to be not less in the aggregate, than from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars. This estimate is probably far too low for the present, and certainly falls far short of what may be expected in a few years, when the fact is demonstrated that no point where timber is abundant is inaccessible to the wants of commerce. It appears that the forests constitute not only the staple product but the real wealth of North Carolina. Her tar, pitch, and turpentine, are used in every corner of the globe. The amount shipped to England during the year 1859 is valued at \$2,176,870.

WEIGHING THE EVIDENCE.—A correspondent gives the following which is worth telling as it will be new to most of you, if not to all. A gentleman missed two pounds of very fine butter which he had kept for a special occasion, and charged the cook with having stolen it. She declared the kitten had eaten it, and that she had just caught her finishing the last morsel. The gentleman immediately put the kitten in the scales, and found she weighed only a pound and a-half. The cook thus confounded, confessed the theft.

A verdict for \$10,000 was recently rendered in a Philadelphia court in the case of O'Donnell against the Reading Railroad Company. Plaintiff took a seat in the car, and tendered the conductor a \$3 bill in payment of his fare, which was pronounced counterfeit. He borrowed the amount of fare from a friend and paid it, but was, notwithstanding, ejected from the cars, and compelled to walk home some distance, in a snow storm, keeping him from his business.

MR. SHERMAN ON THE HELPER BOOK.

An important debate took place in the House of Representatives, Washington, on the 20th, in the course of which Mr. Sherman made a manly and temperate speech, showing the position he occupies, and the insincerity of the fire-eaters in reference to the "Helper folly."

Mr. Sherman asked Mr. Clark whether he would withdraw his resolution in order to give him an opportunity to explain.

Mr. Clark, Mo., said he had avowed his purpose, and would tell the gentleman that he had two opportunities to make his explanation, but had failed to absolve himself from the responsibility of recommending the circulation of the Helper book.

Mr. Sherman, Ohio.—The gentleman from Missouri has now for the first time announced that his purpose in offering that resolution was to give gentlemen an opportunity to explain their relation to this Helper Book. I ask him now whether he is willing to withdraw his resolution for that purpose, temporarily, or for any time.

Mr. Clark.—I avowed my purpose frankly when I introduced the resolution, in the remarks which accompanied it. The gentleman from Ohio now proposes to question me directly, whether I will withdraw the resolution for the purpose which I avowed I entertained when I offered it. I say this—that he has had two opportunities to make that explanation, and I tell him he has failed upon each opportunity to exonerate himself from the responsibility he took when he signed that book and recommended its circulation.

Mr. Sherman.—I will say, Mr. Clerk, that that opportunity has never been rendered me. When the gentleman introduced his resolution, offensive in its character, at an improper time, and in an improper manner, he cut off what he says he desired to have—an opportunity for explanation. It is true that three days afterwards, when the gentleman from Virginia appealed to me, I answered him candidly, and that a colleague came to me in my place, while writing at my desk, and asked me to sign a recommendation for the circulation of a political pamphlet. I told him I had no time to examine the book, but if there was nothing improper or offensive in it, he might use my name, and thereupon he attached my name to the paper. I have stated that I had not that information upon which the gentleman of Virginia addressed me, having forgotten the circumstances; but the circumstances were recalled by a letter from the Hon. E. Morgan, of New York, a member of the last Congress, after that explanation had been published. That, I believed, was the substance of it, and I should have been satisfied to let it pass. I should construe it as a satisfactory explanation. I stated that I had not read the book, and did not know what was in it at the time, and I stated how my name came to be attached to that paper. The gentleman alluded to another occasion the other day, when the subject was introduced here, in language which, though claimed to be courteous, I could not so understand. I have stated that I was charged with treason, with denigrating treason, and lighting up the torch of the incendiary, to be applied to the houses of my Southern brethren; charged with crimes which, had I been guilty of them, would have rendered me unworthy to be entitled to a seat on this floor. Then when that resolution was still pending, I rose and told the gentleman from Missouri that if he would give me his resolution, I would answer page by page as the book was read, or tell him my opinion of the sentiments of those extracts in the book as they were read, one by one, by the Clerk—whether I approved of them or not. But the gentleman refused to withdraw that resolution, and I say now that I do not believe that it is the desire of that gentleman to give me an opportunity to explain, or to relieve me from the difficulty I labor under. If he does so, I desire, of course, to do so. I am willing to do it now, and I say with equal emphasis, that never while I live—never, so help me God, whether the Speaker's chair is before me or not—never, while that resolution is before the House in an improper and unparliamentary manner, and its adoption urged, as it is, by offensive argument, will I explain, or answer the views and their positions. I think this act of lawless violence. We came here, I say, hoping that we might do our duty and investigate the administration of the Government; but when we arrived here, before a ballot, or immediately after the first informal ballot, this question was introduced, thrust in upon us, and it has had the effect of exciting the public mind and preventing gentlemen explaining their views and their positions. I think this whole proceeding has been unjust, unfriendly, offensive and wrong, not only to those gentlemen here whose lips are sealed, but to our common constituency. These gentlemen on the other side have stirred up the bad blood. If any evil has been done, they have done it; they have stirred up this bad feeling if there is any. I believe now, that we might go to work and organize with these obstacles removed, and administer the powers and duties of this House with firmness and impartiality. I say now in conclusion that whenever my name stands in the way as a barrier to the organization of this House, whenever I believe that any man of my party can receive all the votes I have, and more, so as to elect, either by a majority or plurality, I will not stand in my present position an hour. Whenever they vote they can combine a larger number of votes on another candidate, I will retire from the field and yield to any other gentleman with whom I act politically, and who will accept those barren honors of the Speaker's chair. [Applause.]

HOLE-IN-THE-HEAD.—This celebrated brave, we are informed by Major Cullen, says the *Lacrosse (Minnesota) Union*, has built him a "gay old house" on the reserved six hundred and forty acres, at Crow Wing, on the Mississippi. The house has cost him some six thousand dollars in gold, and is nearly surrounded by a piazza. The old chief is living with six wives, in the splendor of a Mormon bishop. His parlor is furnished with seventeen rocking chairs, while the walls are hung with eight large portraits, seven of which represent himself and the other Major Cullen. Three of his wives are old, and the other three young and beautiful. They live like "white folks," all sit at the same table, and have the best china and coffee sets for every day use. The old man has over one hundred acres of his reserve under cultivation, which brings forth bountifully. His wives work a large garden well stocked with flowers.

A startling case of scandal has been brought to light in England. The wife of Mr. J. W. Gurney, member of Parliament, had eloped with one of the family domestics. The lady is possessed of a fortune of half a million sterling in her own right. Proceedings had been commenced for obtaining a divorce.

Many soldiers are brave at table, who are cowards in the field.

Voices on the Democratic side—"That is it."

Mr. Sherman.—That is my offence, and no other. I never sought to invade the rights of the Southern States. I never sought to invade the rights of any citizen of those States. I objected to the introduction of a bill. So I did; but when the gentleman who proposed it

made a satisfactory explanation, I withdrew the objection, and that was all that was proper for me to do, and you and this House will take notice that that is the only accusation made against me since I have been a member of the House. If there be any other let it be made.

Mr. Hindman.—I charge the gentleman with having advocated on this floor a proposition to exclude Slavery from the Territories by Congressional Legislation, and of having avowed his intention to oppose the admission of any slave States into the Union, and of having branded the Fugitive Slave law as savage and inhuman. I charge him with having stigmatized Southern Slavery as injurious and a crime.

Mr. Sherman.—In other words, I am charged with being a Republican. This is my offence—none other. I never sought to invade the rights of the Southern States. I have my opinions on the subject of Slavery in the Territories, and, at a proper time I am willing to define them. I never made but one speech on the subject of Slavery, and that was upon what I regarded as an improper remark in the message of President Pierce in 1855. I then spread upon the records my opinions upon the subject, and I find no man to call those opinions in question. They are the opinions of the body of the Republican party to day, and they are the opinions I now entertain.

Mr. Hindman, Ark.—I desire to say—[Cries of "Order!"]

Mr. Sherman.—I am now speaking of my personal record. Again, those gentlemen on the other side, in publishing their speeches all over the country, have proclaimed that I am a traitor, &c., in order to serve a political purpose. It is true it has been done by implication; it is true they have disclosed any personal application, but it has answered the same purpose. They have called upon me to show my innocence, but when they make these charges they are called upon to show the proofs and the specifications, and they have failed—utterly failed—to establish their charges. The only special act they have alleged is that when a gentleman came here to me, while sitting at my desk, and asked me to sign a paper recommending a tract, I consented to the use of my name, and they declare that then, by that act, I became a traitor, and would put the torch in the incendiary's hand. I say this is not a fair argument, and now I repeat that, if my friend from Missouri really desires to know what my sentiments are in regard to those extracts from the Helper book which have been read at the Clerk's desk—the only portion of the book which I have seen or read up to this time—I will tell him, if he will remove from me what I must consider an insulting menace. But I never yet did anything under a menace, and never will. It is not in my blood, and those gentlemen cannot put it there. [Great applause.] Now, Mr. Clerk, so far as I am concerned in this contest, I have been patient and forbearing. I desire to see an organization of this House opposed to the Administration. I think it is our highest and best duty to investigate, to examine, to analyze the mode in which the Executive has administered the Government, and the condition. I did not think there was any question upon which Slavery could come up; and but for the unfortunate affair of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, I do not believe there would have been any feelings on the subject. I say now, that we should have come here with kindly feelings—no man approving of the act of John Brown, and every man ready and willing to say so and to conduct himself in a lawless violence. We came here, I say, hoping that we might do our duty and investigate the administration of the Government; but when we arrived here, before a ballot, or immediately after the first informal ballot, this question was introduced, thrust in upon us, and it has had the effect of exciting the public mind and preventing gentlemen explaining their views and their positions. I think this whole proceeding has been unjust, unfriendly, offensive and wrong, not only to those gentlemen here whose lips are sealed, but to our common constituency. These gentlemen on the other side have stirred up the bad blood. If any evil has been done, they have done it; they have stirred up this bad feeling if there is any. I believe now, that we might go to work and organize with these obstacles removed, and administer the powers and duties of this House with firmness and impartiality. I say now in conclusion that whenever my name stands in the way as a barrier to the organization of this House, whenever I believe that any man of my party can receive all the votes I have, and more, so as to elect, either by a majority or plurality, I will not stand in my present position an hour. Whenever they vote they can combine a larger number of votes on another candidate, I will retire from the field and yield to any other gentleman with whom I act politically, and who will accept those barren honors of the Speaker's chair. [Applause.]

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Mr. Sherman.—That is my offence, and no other. I never sought to invade the rights of the Southern States. I never sought to invade the rights of any citizen of those States. I objected to the introduction of a bill. So I did; but when the gentleman who proposed it

RESULTS OF PRACTICAL SCHOOLING.

Of all schools the most prolific has been the school of difficulty. Smiles, in his admirable work on "Self Help," says—"Some of the best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not tools that make the workmen, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that a bad workman never yet had good tools. Some one asked Ope by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. 'I mix them with my brains, sir,' was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in every body's hand; but then every body is not a Ferguson. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe said, 'That is all the laboratory that I have!' Stohard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn-door often served Willie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the field at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it stretched between his eyes and the stars. Franklin first rubbed the head of a cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford, when a cobbler's apprentice, worked his first problem in mathematics upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; whilst Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his snow-hamlet. In like manner Professor Faraday (Sir Humphrey Davy's scientific successor) made his first experiments in electricity by means of an old bottle, while he was still a working bookbinder. And it is a curious fact that Faraday was first attracted to the study of chemistry by hearing one of Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures on that subject at the Royal Institution. A gentleman, who was a member of the lectures, which he showed to the lecturer, who acknowledged their scientific accuracy, and was surprised when informed of the humble position of the reporter. Faraday then expressed his desire to devote himself to the prosecution of chemical studies, from which Sir Humphrey Davy at first endeavored to dissuade him; but the young man persisting, he was at length taken into the Royal Institution as an assistant, and eventually the mantle of the brilliant apothecary's boy fell upon the worthy shoulders of the equally brilliant bookbinder's apprentice."

A "FAST" TRIO.—ARREST OF A "CHIVARIO" FORGER, HIS MISTRESS AND SLAVE.—An important arrest was effected in Pittsburgh last week, by officers from Philadelphia, who followed a notorious forger named James Ross, alias Buchanan, Gross, Crawford, Serschet, etc. This fellow and his partners had perpetrated forgeries in various cities to the amount of about \$100,000. A Pittsburgh paper gives the following account of their operations, detection and arrest in that city:—

A "gentleman and lady" from Philadelphia have been for some time past stopping at the St. Clair Hotel, the lady, who was very beautiful and fascinating, being an object of great attraction to numerous friends who had compassed the formality of an introduction. Crawford was the name by which the "parties of the first part" were known. In fact, Mrs. Crawford kept quite a court, if we have been correctly informed. Gentlemen and ladies both admired her beauty and her wit, and there was no end to the attentions the fair ensuivie received, while her husband was not less obsequious than watchful. On Monday morning, to use the words of the distinguished lawyer Wirt, "the destroyer came." A rough policeman entered the bower of the lady, and rudely thrust into the face of herself and husband, a warrant from the proper authorities in Philadelphia, arresting said parties for forgery. The numerous friends of the "cavalier" Mrs. Crawford were "below par" in point of delight at the mention of her name on Monday. Mr. Buchanan, with his numerous aliases, is a son of the South—a gentleman hailing from Louisiana. The man named Burnell, who has passed himself here as a white man, is claimed by Mr. Buchanan (who appears to have assumed the name of our venerable President) as his slave. He is one of those beings who has no rights a white man is bound to respect, and yet has a large share of the blood of white men in his veins, judging from his appearance. Buchanan professes to have purchased him recently at a cost of two thousand dollars. All the parties came to this city on the 22d instant, and since that time have been leading a life of ease at their hotel, appearing to be highly respectable, and dressing in the tip of the nation. The lady attracted universal attention on the streets and wherever she appeared. The gentleman and his man Friday also made a figure in our city, visiting billiard saloons and other places of resort where sporting men most do congregate. The last named, who has no perceptible marks of his peculiar origin, if he is what Buchanan represents him, is said, was a famous billiard player, and to have a "bout" with him was quite an ambition. The information having been made, the Mayor dispatched officer Riddle to obtain intelligence concerning the parties. He discovered them, and they were soon arrested and left for Philadelphia as above related.

The last that a man does not object to having laid on his shoulder, is the eye-lash of a pretty girl.

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